

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow  
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,  
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Capraine,  
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee  
I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites  
With this thy faire and outward charrafter.  
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)  
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,  
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,  
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,  
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,  
That will allow me very worth his seruice.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit,  
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

### Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the  
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier  
a nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions  
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.  
Ma. A dry iest Sir.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:  
these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee  
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-  
selues in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I  
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish  
knight that you brought in one night here, to be his waer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to thy purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:  
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-ga-  
boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word  
without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that  
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath  
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gulf he hath in quarrel-  
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly  
haue the gift of a graue.

To. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-  
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly  
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke  
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not  
drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a  
parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here comes  
Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

And. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistris Mary, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord  
her, woe her, assaile her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this  
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou  
mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer  
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue  
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

And. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.  
Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your  
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

And. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Meta-  
phor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I  
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now  
I let go your hand, I am barren.

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did  
I see thee so put downe?

And. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Can-  
arie put me downe: mee thinks sometimes I haue no  
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I  
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleuee that does harme  
to my wit.

To. No question.

And. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride  
home to morrow sir Toby.

To. Pur. quoy my deere knight?

And. What is purquoy? Do, or nor do? I would I had  
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing  
dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the  
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

And. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole.

And. But it becomes we wel enough, dost not? (nature  
To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope  
to see a huiwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

And. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will  
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of mee:

The Count himselfe here hard by, woos her,

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, shee'l not match about his  
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her  
swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th  
strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Re-  
uels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer he be, vnder  
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with  
an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as  
strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue  
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take  
dust, like mistris Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe  
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?

My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much  
as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou  
meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by  
the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd vn-  
der the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a  
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder  
Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is legges and thighes: let me see thee ca-  
per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt

### Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you  
Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known  
you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence,  
that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is  
he inconstant sir, in his fauours.

Val. No beleuee me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. Cesario,  
Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd  
To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.

Therefore good youth, adresse thy gate vnto her,  
Benot dem'de access, stand at her doores,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,  
Rather then make vnprofitable returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,  
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;

It shall become thee well to act my woes:  
She will attend it better in thy youth,  
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleuee it;

For they shall yet belye thy hap:  
That say thou art a man: *Diana*  
Is not more smooth, and rubious  
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, a  
And all is semblatiue a womans p  
I know thy constellation is right  
For this affayre: some foure or fi  
All if you will: for I my selfe am  
When leaft in companie: prosper  
And thou shalt liue as freely as th  
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best  
To woo your Lady: yet a barre  
Who ere I woo, my selfe would l

### Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and

Ma. Nay, either tell me when  
not open my lippes so wide as a b  
of thy excute: my Lady will hang

Ma. Let her hang me: hee tha  
world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Ma. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I  
faying was borne, of I feare no co

Ma. Where good mistris Ma

Ma. In the wars, & that may  
your foolerie.

Ma. Well, God giue them wi  
those that are fooles, let them vs

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd fo  
or to be turn'd away: is not that  
you?

Ma. Many a good hanging, p  
and for turning away, let tumme

Ma. You are resolute then?

Ma. Not so neyther, but I am

Ma. That if one breake, the o  
breake, your gaskins fall.

Ma. Apt in good faith, very a  
fir Toby would leaue drinking, the

of *Eues* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no mo  
Lady: make your excuse wisely,

Enter Lady Olivia, with

Ma. Wit, and't be thy will, put  
those wits that thinke they haue

fooles: and I that am sure I lacke  
wife man. For what saies *Quinap*

then a foolish wit. God blesse t

Ma. Do you not heare fellow

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole

sides you grow dis-honest.

Ma. Two faults Madona, that  
will amend: for giue the dry fool

not dry: bid the dishonest man  
he is no longer dishonest; if hee

mend him: any thing that's men  
that transgresses, is but patch w

mends, is but patch with vert  
Silloquisme will serue, so: if it v

Y